

The windiest place in the world, I fancy, the summit of Mount Washington perhaps excepted, is the Austrian sea-port of Trieste. "When the northern breezes blow," as the song says, or the "Boras," as the Adriatic sailors have it, descend from the Tyrol Alps, ropes are stretched from post to post in

We have nice ladies to attend to our black, brown and red-skinned guests. Our lady on the balcony is the wife of our husband in Cairo, Sir Evelyn Wood, just appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian army of occupation. She is a charming person. The lady in the red dress is the wife of the British Consul. The fine outlines of a beautiful girlhood, while her hair is still black, are those of the daughter of fifteen has the black hair and blue eyes are peculiar to Irish beauties. Hourly, life seems to be passing before our eyes. The boats are coming in, the ducks swim in color as we sail south. The turbans of the crew, the gay costumes of the ladies, vie with the warmth of the sun and the blue of the sky and the white of the sea. The white of the robes of the women along the shores of Corin, Zante, and then, coasting along the lovely Grecian lakes.

"Where burning Sappho loved and sung,"  
"Were bid adieu to the mountains of Crete and start

"Yesterday," writes a friend from Cannes, under date of the 25th inst., "while walking in the English park, I met Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by his wife and two friends, who drove from the Chateau en route to visit the grave of Lord Brougham. The Prime Minister in leaving the spot threw on the expanse of lawn a few words of conversation, and then walked back to the villa, a distance of between two and three miles. Gladstone has very greatly improved in health by his winter's sojourn at this watering-place by the tideless sea."

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

And Rudolf's silence. Then the abbé murmured in a loud, a mystery.' 'A most horrible mystery,' sobbed Mlle. Archambault. 'It is the worst day of my life.' 'Compose yourself, my child,' said the abbé harshly. 'A servant has entered and presented a card to me. Go and call.' 'It is Herr Karl Eichmann,' said the young girl, kneeling before Herr Eichmann into the anteroom, 'the same as introduced to the servant; and when I ring the bell, send him in.' The footman bowed, and retired. 'You, my aunt, and you, my mother, had better go to bed,' said the abbé, relating to an adjoining room, 'and when you hear me ring this bell twice you will come to me.' 'Is he right,' said the abbé consolingly, 'other than I am to Mlle. Archambault. And feeling that

**THE COMMENTATORS.—First Quiddune** (in a ecstasy.) "I've just been writing to the 'New Slack' our society." **Belleve** I've said a discovery—**Horoatio** was Horatio's father!"

**Second Quiddune** enchananted—"You don't say so?"

**Belleve** "No, no! You're right; it's *Jamieson*, who he saved as *Torrick's* child, address *Horoatio*. And surely it's *Fa'*" I think that's conclusive!" —(Punch.

**THE MOST UXTENSID CUT.—Featherly:**—"say, Cluff, if you want a model for your sketch of 'the master, old man'?"

**Cluff:**—"What do you mean? What do you want the master, old man?"

**Featherly:**—"She passed me on the street a moment ago, and wouldn't look at me except she saw my hat."

**Cluff:**—"And so you want to go in among the cuts." —(Chasr.

John Worthington, who distasteful the remains of John Howard Payne in Africa a few weeks ago, and whose fair young wife sang "Home, sweet Home" in the organ in the English chapel, is a recent appointee to the Consulate at Malta and has wavy lungs, which was the cause of his taking public employment. He was a favorite of James Fenimore Cooper, the novelist who often took him in childhood out to his farm by the lakeside, called The Chalet, Cooperstown having been their mutual home, and wear it, on the sources of the Su-

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